

The next morning, I woke up feeling the lingering rush of yesterday's battle. Ahnaf and I headed to the cafeteria, our stomachs growling in anticipation. The air was filled with the comforting smell of Miss Tiffany's cooking, and we were greeted with her usual warm smile.



"Morning, boys! You look like you could use a hearty meal," she said, placing plates of pancakes and eggs in front of us.

As we dug into our breakfast, James joined us, his yellow aura now just a faint shimmer. I exchanged a glance with Ahnaf, both of us curious about the locket that had given James his powers.

"James, we've been wondering," Ahnaf began, "how did you get that locket? It's not every day someone discovers they have anti-magic powers."

James chuckled, his usual comedic flair shining through. "Ah, the locket! Well, it's quite the story. You see, my grandmother was a bit of a mystery herself. She always had this air of magic around her, even though she never really talked about it."

I leaned in, intrigued. "Go on, James. What happened?"

James took a bite of his pancake, savoring the moment before continuing. "So, one day, just before she passed away, she called me over. She handed me this locket and said, 'James, this is more than just a piece of jewelry. It's a legacy. Keep it safe, and one day, it will reveal its true power.'"

Ahnaf raised an eyebrow. "And you never thought to ask her what she meant?"

James shrugged, a playful grin on his face. "I did, but she just winked and said, 'You'll find out when the time is right.' Typical grandma, always keeping me on my toes."

I laughed. "Sounds like she knew exactly what she was doing."

James nodded, his expression turning more serious. "Yeah, she did. And now, I understand why she gave it to me. It's not just about the power; it's about protecting those who can't protect themselves. It's a responsibility, and I'm ready to embrace it."

Ahnaf smiled, clapping James on the back. "We're glad to have you with us, James. Together, maybe we can finally beat Khan."



James grinned, his comedic side resurfacing. "Well, Eric, since you have super speed, you call yourself The Blur because you get all blurry when you run isn't it heh! And Ahnaf, with your superhuman strength, agility, and intense healing speed, you call yourself Immortal because as much as the records I have read you just can't die. As for me, what should I call myself?"

He paused dramatically, then started rattling off names. "How about The Magic Buster? No? Okay, maybe The Spell Smasher? Or wait, The Enchantment Eraser! Oh, I know, The Hex Hurdler!"

Ahnaf and I burst out laughing. "James, those are terrible!" I said, still chuckling.

James pretended to be offended. "Fine, fine. How about The Wizard Wrecker? The Sorcery Stopper? The Arcane Annihilator?"

Miss Tiffany, who had been listening in, chimed in with a smile. "How about something a bit more... refined?"

James turned to her, his eyes twinkling with curiosity. "Alright, Miss Tiffany, hit me with your best shot."

She thought for a moment, then said, "How about Nullifier? It's simple, strong, and it fits your ability to nullify magic."

Ahnaf and I exchanged glances and nodded. "That actually sounds pretty good," Ahnaf said.

James's face lit up. "Nullifier, huh? I like it! It's got a nice ring to it. Thanks, Miss Tiffany. You always know how to make things better."

Miss Tiffany winked. "Just doing my part, James."

James grinned and turned back to us. "Well, looks like I'm officially Nullifier now. Watch out, world!"

As we finished our breakfast, I couldn't help but feel a renewed sense of purpose. The mystery of the locket was just one piece of the puzzle, and I knew there were more challenges ahead. But with our bond stronger than ever, we were ready to face whatever came our way.

After our hearty breakfast and the amusing naming game, we were still chuckling when Lt. Cheng walked into the cafeteria. Her usual

no-nonsense demeanor was softened by a hint of a smile as she approached our table.



"Good morning, Lt. Cheng," James said, flashing his most dazzling smile. "You know, if I had known you were coming, I would have saved you the best pancakes. But alas, they were too delicious to resist."

Lt. Cheng rolled her eyes but maintained her composure. "Good morning, James. I see you're in high spirits today."

"Always, especially when you're around," James replied with a wink.

Lt. Cheng shook her head, unimpressed. "Alright, Casanova. Leonis wants to see all three of you in his chambers. He says it's urgent."

Ahnaf and I exchanged glances, our curiosity piqued. "Thanks, Lt. Cheng. We'll head there right away," I said.

As we got up to leave, James gave Lt. Cheng a mock salute. "Lead the way, fearless leader."

She smirked slightly. "Just try to keep up, Nullifier."

With that, we made our way to his chambers, ready to face whatever new challenge awaited us. The airfield was bustling with activity, but there was a sense of urgency in the air. We walked briskly, our minds racing with possibilities.

When we arrived at the sitting lounge, Director Leonis was already there, pacing back and forth. His expression was serious, and the Amrita shard glowed faintly on the table beside him.



As we settled into his chambers, Director Leonis took a moment to observe us. His eyes scanned our faces, gauging our post-battle state. The room was quiet, the only sound being the faint hum of the Amrita shard on the table.

"First things first," Leonis began, his tone gentle but firm. "How are you all feeling after the battle?"

I glanced at Ahnaf and James before speaking. "Physically, we're fine. But mentally, it's been a lot to process. The gypsy woman, the shadows, and now this new threat... it's overwhelming."

Ahnaf nodded in agreement. "Yeah, it's been intense. But we're ready for whatever comes next."

James, ever the joker, added, "I'm just glad I didn't break a nail. But seriously, we're good. Just trying to wrap our heads around everything."

Leonis gave a small smile at James's comment before turning serious again. "James, how exactly did you get your powers? The locket, I mean."

James leaned back, his expression thoughtful. "Well, my grandmother gave it to me before she passed away. She said it was a legacy and that it would reveal its true power when the time was right. I never really understood what she meant until now."

Leonis nodded, absorbing the information. "Interesting. The locket must have some ancient magic tied to it, something that responds to the presence of other magical energies."

I leaned forward, curiosity getting the better of me. "Leonis, if the gypsy woman could detect the shard, why didn't she show up at the Nexus Facility where tests are conducted?"

Leonis sighed, rubbing his temples. "The Nexus Facility has various layers of protection in place to prevent any energy from moving out. These protections are designed to cloak the shard's presence from any form of detection. The airfield, however, doesn't have such

protections. It's more exposed, which is why the gypsy woman was able to sense the shard here."

Ahnaf frowned. "So, the airfield's lack of protection made it a target?"

"Exactly," Leonis confirmed. "The gypsy woman and the shadows were drawn to the shard's energy. Without the protective layers, it was like a beacon for them."

James crossed his arms, his expression serious. "So, what do we do now? How do we protect the shard and ourselves?"

Leonis looked at us with a calm but firm expression. "You don't have to do anything right now. I'm returning to the Nexus Facility with the shard. We need to ensure it's secure and properly protected."

We nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. The shard's power was immense, and it needed to be kept safe.

Leonis continued, "After the battle, all the townsfolk who disappeared returned to their homes. It seems the shadows' influence was tied to the gypsy woman. With her defeat, they were freed."

Ahnaf, who had been quiet, suddenly spoke up. "Leonis, I saw you last night. You were holding the shard and fighting alongside James against the gypsy. You were... flying and fighting with brute strength, like Sentinel."



Leonis paused, his eyes narrowing slightly. "You saw that, did you?"

Ahnaf nodded. "Yeah, I did. How is that possible? Are you... like Sentinel?"

Leonis sighed, running a hand through his hair. "No, I'm not like Sentinel. The shard temporarily granted me those powers. Its energy amplified my abilities for a short time, allowing me to fight alongside you."

I exchanged a glance with James and Ahnaf, both of us processing this new information. "So, the shard can give powers to anyone who holds it?" I asked.

Leonis nodded. "Yes, but it's unpredictable and dangerous. The shard's energy is immense, and it can be overwhelming. That's why it needs to be kept secure and studied carefully."

Then finally I remember the Metal Suit who was aiding us in the battle, I asked, "Who was the man in metal suit? A robot?"



"You don't need to know that... for now." Leonis replied standing up from his seat.

With our mission clear and the shard safely in Leonis's possession, we made our way to the airfield. The helicopter was already prepped and ready for takeoff, its rotors spinning slowly in anticipation. Leonis walked with purpose, the shard glowing faintly in his hand.

As we reached the helicopter, Leonis turned to face us. "Remember, stay vigilant and continue your training. The world is changing, we don't know when Khan will attack next and we need to be prepared for anything."

We nodded, understanding the gravity of his words. "We'll be ready," I said, my voice filled with determination.

James, ever the joker, gave Leonis a mock salute. "Safe travels, boss. Don't forget to bring us back some souvenirs."

Leonis chuckled, a rare smile crossing his face. "I'll see what I can do, James."

Ahnaf stepped forward; his expression serious. "Thank you, Leonis. For everything."

Leonis nodded, his eyes filled with a mix of pride and concern. "Take care of each other. And remember, the strength of your bond is your greatest asset."



With that, he climbed into the helicopter, the shard securely in his grasp. The rotors began to spin faster, and the helicopter slowly lifted off the ground. We stood there, watching as it ascended into the sky.

Miss Tiffany, Captain Davis, Lt. Cheng, and the rest of the team gathered around, waving goodbye. The helicopter's silhouette grew smaller and smaller until it was just a speck in the distance.

As the noise of the helicopter faded, a sense of calm settled over the airfield. We turned to each other, a renewed sense of purpose in our hearts.

"Alright, team," I said, breaking the silence. "Let's get back to work. We've got a lot to do."

James grinned, his usual humor returning. "You heard the man. Time to show the world what Nullifier, Blur, and Immortal can do."

Ahnaf chuckled, clapping James on the back. "One step at a time, James. One step at a time."

The next three months were a whirlwind of intense training and camaraderie. Each day, Ahnaf, James, and I pushed ourselves to the limit, honing our skills from dawn till dusk. The airfield, once a battleground, now echoed with the sounds of our relentless efforts. Every morning began with rigorous drills, pushing our physical and mental limits. Ahnaf's strength training involved lifting massive weights and practicing combat techniques that sent shockwaves through the ground. My superspeed drills were a blur of motion, as I perfected my agility and precision. James, with his anti-magic abilities, focused on mastering the control of his yellow aura, learning to nullify even the most complex spells.

Despite the grueling schedule, we found moments of respite. Breaks were filled with laughter and light-hearted banter, often led by James. His jokes and flirtatious remarks became a staple of our routine, bringing a sense of normalcy to our extraordinary lives. Tiffany, who had been a quiet observer, found herself drawn to James's charm and wit. Their interactions grew more frequent, and soon, a bond began to form between them.



Evenings were a time for relaxation and reflection. We would gather around a makeshift campfire, sharing stories and dreams. Captain Davis and Lt. Cheng often joined us, offering guidance and wisdom. Dr. Patel, ever the scientist, would sometimes bring out ancient texts and artifacts, sparking discussions about the mysteries of the Amrita shard and the legacy of the anti-mage.

One evening, as the sun set in a blaze of orange and pink, I noticed James and Tiffany walking towards the edge of the airfield. The air was cool, and the first stars began to twinkle in the sky. I decided to

give them some space, sensing that something important was about to happen.

James, ever the comedian, started with his usual playful banter. "You know, Tiffany, if I had a nickel for every time I thought about you, I'd have... well, a lot of nickels. But I'd probably spend them all on trying to impress you."

Tiffany laughed, shaking her head. "James, your lines are as cheesy as ever. But I have to admit, they do make me smile."

James grinned, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "Well, if making you smile is the goal, then mission accomplished. But seriously, Tiffany, there's something I've been meaning to tell you."



Tiffany raised an eyebrow, her curiosity piqued. "Oh? And what might that be?"

James took a deep breath, his usual bravado giving way to genuine emotion. "Tiffany, I like you. A lot. More than I ever thought possible. You've become really important to me, and I just wanted you to know that."

Tiffany's smile widened, but she couldn't resist teasing him a bit. "Wow, James, I never would have guessed. I mean, with all the flirting and jokes, who could have seen this coming?"

James chuckled, shaking his head. "Yeah, I guess I wasn't exactly subtle. But I mean it, Tiffany. You're amazing, and I just... I wanted you to know how I feel."

For a moment, Tiffany was silent, her eyes searching his. Then, with a soft smile, she stepped closer. "James, you drive me crazy sometimes, but I wouldn't have it any other way. I like you too."



James's face lit up with joy, and before he could say anything else, Tiffany leaned in and kissed him. The sunset cast a golden glow over them, the perfect backdrop for their moment of connection.

As they pulled away, James couldn't help but grin. "Well, that was even better than I imagined."

Tiffany laughed; her eyes sparkling. "You're impossible, James. But I think I can handle it."

They stood there, hand in hand, as the night enveloped them. It was a moment of peace and promise, a testament to the bonds forged in the fires of our shared struggles.



As the weeks turned into months, our skills grew sharper, and our unity stronger. We were no longer just individuals with extraordinary abilities; we were a family, bound by our commitment to protect the world from any future threats.

Under the watchful eyes of Captain Davis, Lt. Cheng, and Dr. Patel, we prepared for whatever challenges lay ahead. And as we faced

each new day, we did so with the knowledge that together, we could overcome anything.

It was a warm afternoon on July 27th, and the airfield was bathed in the golden light of the sun. The atmosphere was relaxed, a stark contrast to the intense training sessions we had been through. It felt like a rare moment of peace, a chance to unwind and enjoy each other's company.

Ahnaf was sitting on a bench, his phone in hand as he video called his girlfriend, Kelly. His face lit up with a smile as they chatted, their laughter carrying through the air. It was heartwarming to see him so happy, a reminder of the normal life we all craved.

I was lounging on a nearby sofa, enjoying the gentle breeze and the warmth of the sun. It was a perfect moment to relax and let my mind wander. The past few months had been a whirlwind, and it felt good to take a break and just be.

James and Tiffany were close to each other near a campfire, their heads bent together as they talked in hushed tones. James's usual playful demeanor was softened by the affection in his eyes, and Tiffany's laughter was like music to our ears. They had grown so close, and it was clear that their bond was something special.

Captain Davis and Lt. Cheng were deep in conversation with Dr. Patel, their voices a low murmur as they discussed something important. Even in these moments of calm, they were always

planning, always thinking ahead. It was their way of ensuring we were prepared for whatever came next.

The scene was idyllic, a snapshot of tranquility that we all cherished. But there was an uncanny feeling in the air, a sense that this peace was only temporary. It was as if the universe was holding its breath, waiting for the next chapter to unfold.

As the afternoon wore on, the shadows grew longer, and the golden light began to fade. The air seemed to grow heavier, and a chill ran down my spine. I couldn't shake the feeling that something was coming, something that would shatter this moment of calm.

The peaceful afternoon was shattered by the blaring of alarms. The sudden noise jolted us from our relaxed states, and we sprang to our feet, hearts pounding. The airfield was instantly transformed from a place of tranquility to one of high alert. Red lights flashed, and the unmistakable sound of a Code Red echoed through the air.

Down in the distance, about six hundred meters away at the entrance of the protective gate, a figure emerged. Even from this distance, his imposing size was unmistakable. It was Khan. The silent, menacing figure who had haunted our nightmares had returned.



Captain Davis and Lt. Cheng immediately took charge, their expressions grim. "Stay back," Davis ordered, his voice firm. "We're calling in the entire force stationed here. This is not a fight you can win alone."

We watched as the base sprang into action. Soldiers poured out of barracks, their faces set with determination. Tanks rumbled to life, their engines growling as they moved into position. Jets roared overhead, circling like predatory birds. Turrets swiveled, their barrels trained on the distant figure of Khan. Every available resource was being mobilized, all focused on one target and one target only: Khan.

The tension was palpable as we stood back, watching the preparations. Ahnaf's jaw was clenched, his fists tight at his sides. James and Tiffany stood close together, their faces a mix of concern and determination. I felt a knot of anxiety in my stomach, knowing that this was going to be a battle like no other.



The first wave of attack began with a barrage of bullets. The sound was deafening as the soldiers opened fire, their weapons trained on Khan. But as the bullets struck his skin, it became clear that they were having no effect. Khan continued his advance, unphased by the hail of gunfire. The bullets bounced off him harmlessly, not even leaving a scratch.

Next came the tanks. Their cannons roared, sending explosive shells hurtling towards Khan. The ground shook with the force of the blasts, and smoke filled the air. But as the dust settled, Khan emerged unscathed. The shells had done nothing to slow him down. He reached out with his massive hands and, with terrifying ease, crushed the tanks one by one. Metal groaned and twisted under his immense strength, and the once formidable machines were reduced to scrap.

Jets swooped in, their engines screaming as they launched missiles at Khan. The explosions lit up the sky, and for a moment, it seemed

as though the combined might of the air force might be enough. But as the smoke cleared, Khan stood tall, untouched by the onslaught. He leaped into the air with incredible power, swatting the jets out of the sky like flies. The pilots ejected, their parachutes blooming in the air as their planes crashed to the ground in flames.



Turrets fired relentlessly, their barrels glowing red-hot from the continuous barrage. But even the heavy artillery was useless against Khan. He strode through the hail of bullets and shells, his expression unchanged. With a single, powerful blow, he smashed the turrets to pieces, their remains scattered across the battlefield.

Captain Davis and Lt. Cheng watched in horror as their forces were decimated. "Fall back!" Davis shouted, his voice barely audible over the chaos. "Regroup and fall back!"

The soldiers retreated, their faces pale with fear and disbelief. They had thrown everything they had at Khan, and it had made no difference. He was unstoppable.

As we watched the destruction unfold, a sense of dread settled over us. Khan was more powerful than we had ever imagined. Nothing seemed to hurt him, not bullets, not shells, not even the most advanced weaponry. He was a force of nature, an unstoppable juggernaut.



Captain Davis turned to us, his expression grim. "We need to come up with a new plan," he said. "This isn't working. We need to find a way to stop him, and fast."

We nodded, our minds racing. The battle had only just begun, and already it seemed hopeless. But we couldn't give up. We had to find a way to stop Khan, no matter what it took.

The sun had set, casting the airfield in a dim twilight. The once peaceful scene was now a battlefield strewn with the wreckage of tanks, jets, and turrets. Khan stood amidst the destruction, an unstoppable force that had decimated everything in his path. His silent, menacing presence sent chills down our spines as he continued his relentless advance.

Captain Davis and Lt. Cheng were coordinating the retreat, their voices hoarse from shouting orders. The soldiers, battered and demoralized, fell back to regroup. But we knew that conventional weapons were useless against Khan. We needed a new strategy, and fast.

Dr. Patel, who had been observing the battle from a safe distance, stepped forward. Her face was set with determination. "It's time to unleash the robots," she said, her voice steady. "We have no other choice."

Captain Davis nodded; his expression grim. "Do it. We need to buy ourselves some time."

Dr. Patel activated her communicator, sending a signal to the underground hangar where the robots were stored. Moments later, the ground trembled as the massive doors slid open, revealing an

army of robotic soldiers. These machines were the pinnacle of technology, designed for combat and equipped with advanced weaponry. They marched out in perfect formation, their metallic bodies gleaming in the fading light.

The robots moved with precision; their sensors locked onto Khan. They formed a defensive line, their weapons trained on the approaching threat. Dr. Patel's voice crackled over the loudspeakers. "All units, engage the target. Do not let him through."



The robots opened fire, their weapons unleashing a torrent of energy blasts, missiles, and high-caliber bullets. The air was filled with the deafening roar of their combined firepower. For a moment, it seemed as though the sheer volume of attacks might be enough to stop Khan.

But Khan was undeterred. He moved through the hail of fire with terrifying ease, his massive form shrugging off the attacks as if they

were nothing. The energy blasts dissipated against his skin, the missiles exploded harmlessly around him, and the bullets bounced off without leaving a mark.

The robots advanced, their movements coordinated and relentless. They closed in on Khan, attempting to overwhelm him with their numbers. But Khan was a force of nature. He tore through the robotic ranks with brutal efficiency, his powerful blows reducing the machines to scrap metal. Sparks flew, and the sound of rending metal filled the air as Khan dismantled the robotic soldiers one by one.

Dr. Patel watched in horror as her creations were destroyed. "Increase power to maximum!" she shouted into her communicator. "We need to stop him!"

The remaining robots responded, their weapons glowing with increased intensity. They unleashed everything they had, pouring their combined might into a final, desperate assault. The ground shook with the force of their attacks, and the air was thick with smoke and debris.

But it was no use. Khan was unstoppable. He continued his advance, his expression unchanged. The robots fell before him, their once formidable presence reduced to a pile of twisted metal. The battlefield was littered with the remains of Dr. Patel's creations, a testament to Khan's overwhelming power.

As Khan drew closer, the sense of dread grew. We had thrown everything we had at him, and it had made no difference. He was a juggernaut, an unstoppable force that seemed immune to any form of attack.

Captain Davis and Lt. Cheng regrouped with us; their faces grim. "We need to fall back," Davis said, his voice tight with urgency. "We can't stop him with what we have here."

Ahnaf stood apart from the rest of us, his eyes fixed on the distant figure of Khan. His face was a mask of anger and determination, his fists clenched so tightly that his knuckles were white. The memory of his father's death at Khan's hands was fresh in his mind, a wound that had never fully healed.

"Maybe you don't," Ahnaf said, his voice low and filled with emotion. "But I have."



We turned to look at him, the weight of his words sinking in. Ahnaf's father, Zain, had sacrificed himself to save his son, and the pain of that loss was etched into every line of Ahnaf's face. His blood was boiling with rage, and it was clear that he couldn't stand by any longer.

"Ahnaf, wait!" I called out, but it was too late.

With a roar of fury, Ahnaf charged forward, his superhuman strength propelling him towards Khan. The ground shook with each step, and his eyes blazed with a fierce determination. This was personal for him. This was about avenging his father and putting an end to the nightmare that Khan represented.

Captain Davis and Lt. Cheng shouted after him, but their voices were drowned out by the sound of Ahnaf's charge. We watched in a mix of awe and fear as he closed the distance between himself and Khan, his fists clenched and ready for battle.

Khan turned to face Ahnaf; his expression unreadable. He stood still, waiting for the oncoming assault. Ahnaf's first punch landed with a force that would have shattered concrete, but Khan barely flinched. The impact sent shockwaves through the air, but Khan remained unmoved.

Ahnaf didn't stop. He unleashed a flurry of blows, each one fueled by the pain and anger that had been building inside him for months. His fists were a blur of motion, striking with the power of a

hurricane. But Khan was like an immovable object, absorbing the attacks without so much as a scratch.

"Ahnaf, stop!" James shouted; his voice filled with desperation. "You can't do this alone!"

But Ahnaf was beyond hearing. His entire focus was on Khan, his mind consumed by the need for vengeance. Each punch was a tribute to his father's memory, a testament to the love and loss that drove him.

Tears streamed down Ahnaf's face as he fought, his emotions laid bare for all to see. "This is for my father!" he cried, his voice breaking with the weight of his grief. "This is for Mid-Nite!"

Khan's silence was deafening, his lack of reaction only fueling Ahnaf's rage. The battle was a brutal dance of strength and determination, but it was clear that Ahnaf was outmatched. Khan's power was beyond anything we had ever faced, and Ahnaf's attacks, no matter how fierce, were not enough.

As Ahnaf's strength began to wane, Khan finally moved. With a single, devastating blow, he sent Ahnaf crashing to the ground. The impact left a crater in the earth, and Ahnaf lay there, battered and broken.

We rushed to his side, our hearts heavy with fear and sorrow. Ahnaf's breathing was labored, his body bruised and bloodied. But even in his weakened state, his eyes burned with defiance.

"I'm not done yet," he whispered, his voice barely audible. "I won't give up."

Tiffany knelt beside him; her eyes filled with tears. "Ahnaf, please. You need to rest. We need to come up with a new plan."

Ahnaf shook his head, his determination unwavering. "No. This ends now. For my father. For all of us."

Captain Davis placed a hand on Ahnaf's shoulder, his expression one of deep respect. "You've done enough, Ahnaf. Let us take it from here."

Ahnaf lay on the ground, battered and bruised, his breath coming in ragged gasps. We watched in horror, our hearts heavy with fear and sorrow. But then, something incredible happened. Ahnaf's healing factor, intensified beyond anything we had seen before. His injuries began to heal at an astonishing rate, the cuts and bruises disappearing as if they had never been.

With a roar of defiance, Ahnaf rose to his feet, his eyes blazing with renewed determination. "This isn't over," he growled, his voice filled with unyielding resolve.

He charged at Khan once more, his superhuman strength propelling him forward. Khan turned to face him, his expression still unreadable. But this time, as Ahnaf closed in, Khan finally spoke.

"Weak," he said, his voice a deep, resonant rumble. "Still weak."

With terrifying speed, Khan grabbed Ahnaf and began to bash him around the base. Each punch landed with bone-crushing force, the sound echoing across the battlefield. Ahnaf fought back with everything he had, but Khan's strength was overwhelming. He pummeled Ahnaf relentlessly, his blows leaving the ground cracked and broken.

We watched in helpless horror as Ahnaf was thrown around like a ragdoll, his body battered and bruised once more. Despite his healing factor, the sheer force of Khan's attacks was too much. Ahnaf lay defeated, his strength finally giving out.

But we couldn't stand by any longer. The sight of our friend being brutalized ignited a fire within us. James and I exchanged a determined glance. It was time to act.

"Blur and Nullifier, together," James said, his yellow aura flaring to life.



I nodded, my superspeed humming through my veins. "Let's do this."

With a burst of speed, I charged at Khan, my movements a blur. James followed, his anti-magic aura glowing brightly. We were a formidable duo, combining speed and magic in a way that few could match.



As we closed in on Khan, he turned to face us, his eyes narrowing. The ground shook with the force of our combined assault, and for the first time, Khan seemed to take notice. We struck with precision and power, our attacks coordinated and relentless.

Khan's expression remained stoic, but there was a flicker of something in his eyes—perhaps surprise, or maybe even respect. He raised his massive fists, ready to meet our challenge head-on.

The battle was fierce, our movements a blur of speed and magic. We fought with everything we had; our determination unwavering. This was our moment, our chance to stand against the unstoppable force that was Khan.

We stood our ground, facing Khan with unyielding resolve. The true battle had begun. Together, we would find a way to stop Khan and protect the world from his wrath. The future was uncertain, but one thing was clear: we would not back down.

